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## SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CIVIL WAR

By W. H. HULL

Before the battle of Sitlington's Hill, which was fought on the 8th day of May, 1862 General Ed- work Johnson's brigade was camped at West View, Augusta county, Virginia. A short time before we broke camp at West View, a young man, a refugee from the mountains, came to us and volunteered as a soldier in our command. He was a typical mountaineer of the old time hunter type. He brought his mountain rifle with him with all the accoutrements thereto belonging, shot pouch, powder-horn, bullet moulds, wipers, etc., and also a liberal supply of bullet patching. He was told that his mountain rifle was not just the thing for war purposes. That it took too much time to load his gun; that he would soon find out when he got into a battle that there was not much time for cutting bullet patching, his gun would soon choke and circumstances would be very unfavorable for using his wipers. But expostulation was all in vain and only had the effect of bringing to surface his deep affection for his dear old companion. He told of numerous deer he had killed, relating in detail the circumstances, sometimes on certain ridges and in certain hollows, sometimes at sulphur licks, sometimes at salt licks, and in the chase. He had won quite a string of prizes at shoot n'z matches with his "old forty five caliber"—turkeys, tobacco, powder, lead, hard cider, and occasionally "becker" had been induced to come his way as the result of driving the center. The old smooth bored army gun no good according to his notion. When closely pressed he would stroke the barrel of his rifle and press the breech to his face as a manifestation of his attachment and his reluctance to part with it. If he only had the chance he would show them the difference. The matter of the gun was finally dropped and he was allowed to hold on to his old friend.

On the 6th of May we broke camp at West View and started westward. The first night we camped on North mountain. On the 7th, after driving in a small detachment of the enemy at the old Rodgers' stand on the east side of the Shenandoah mountain. We crossed over and camped near the Marshall tollgate on Shaws Fork. The men of our regiment were in high glee on account of the fact that we were traveling in the direction of our homes. They were marching at quick step cheering and joking in fine style when a little puff of smoke was seen on Shaws ridge and at the same instant a shell went whistling over our heads followed in quick succession by several others, some of which struck almost in our ranks on the hard road bed and ricocheted to the rear. We were not slow in surrendering our rights in the public highway. It now being late in the afternoon our operations for the day were closed and we went into camp on Shaws Fork. The night was cold and frosty, and being ordered to remain in line, keep quiet and not to build fires, there was a good deal of hivering and chattering of teeth and very little sleeping. The next morning we learned that the enemy had fallen back to McDowell. We spent the day, well into the afternoon, feeling our way to the top of the Bullpasture mountain. Looking in the direction of the Shenandoah mountain we could discover the dark serpentine lines of the Stonewall brigade as it descended the western slope of the mountain under the reflection of the setting sun. General Milroy's first impulse was to fall back to Franklin, but when he had proceeded a few miles up Crab run he met General Schenk with his forces on his way to join him. After some consultation the two "Bobs" decided to return and put up a fight.

In the meantime a part of General Johnson's forces—four regiments—had been placed in position on Sitlington's hill. The 31st regiment had been marched down the turpiket to a point near the improvement and remained under cover of the woods for sometime after the battle began. Presently a courier came dashing up and we received orders to join the troops on the hill. We returned to the "horseshoe bend" and took a rocky steep path leading to the battlefield. When we were near the summit of the hill the spent balls began to drop around us and the noise of the battle to make a disagreeable sound in our ears. As we were struggling up the hill at this point we passed a portly Lieutenant, pale as a corpse, standing on the safe side of a tree gasping for breath. "Go on boys I will be with you as soon as I get

my breath," he exclaimed in a faltering voice. It true to his promise he did not get his breath 'n' it sometime the next a'. When we reached the summit the balls were flying thick and fast and the wounded were coming or being assisted to the rear.

Presently we passed a wounded man trying to make his way to the rear, the blood streaming from the side of his head running down over his clothes and dripping from his pants at his ankle. It was a bad sight. Just at this juncture our hero with the mountain rifle was self to give a spring from the ranks and fall in a crouched position behind a fallen tree that lay at a right angles to the direction we were going. "G—, are you wounded? Are you shot?" rang out from the men as they passed. "No boys, I'm not wounded, I am not shot, but my—old gun is choked a ready." And in a faint voice, "Go on boys, I will be with you as soon as I get 'er unchoked." It was sometime before our man heard the last reference to the choked gun, but the conversation was ended as to the exchange of guns.

We had been eager all the afternoon to catch a glimpse of Stonewall Jackson as he passed to the front, but were unable to distinguish him from the other officers who passed us as we were on our way to the top of the mountain. We followed the Federals on their retreat as far as the vicinity of Franklin where we camped on the night of the 9th. Our regiment instead of being formed in line of battle, was hurried into the battle in column, head on, into a line already double, which caused considerable confusion as the men were compelled to scatter themselves along the line in order to get into firing position. As the rear of our regiment came up Col. Conner, who was now in command, General Johnson having been taken to the rear wounded, ordered Major Chenoweth to take his men and go to the right, as the enemy were flanking us from that direction. The Major took a detachment from the left companies of our regiment that had not as yet gotten into line, and went double quick to a position on the right on a high pine knob, and opened fire on their flank; we soon discovered that the Colonel was mistaken; after firing a few rounds the enemy began falling back and the firing soon ceased all along the line. The writer was with the detachment under Major Chenoweth. About nine o'clock that night we left battlefield and returned to our wagon train on the Cowpasture river, got our rations and camped for the night.

## LAUREL BANK

A very pleasant surprise party was given Miss Mary Cruikshank at her home at Laurel Bank Hotel on Saturday evening last, in honor of her tenth birthday. Those present were Thelma Collins, Eula, Beulah and Thelma Galford, Lexie Cruikshank, Billy Cole, Moffet Smith, Roy Griffith, Dent Powell, Wirt Dobson and Paul Cruikshank. Refreshments and music were enjoyed by all. Miss Mary received many beautiful presents.

A Christmas festival will be given at Slaty Fork school house by the teacher, Mr. Sharp, and pupils, on the evening of Dec. 24.

Win Cole, brakeman on engine No. 10, left Monday for Lexington, Va., and other southern cities.

Sam Waugh, engineer on No. 10, moved his family from Cass to this place last week.

Wm. Linton of Spruce visited at this place over Sunday on his way to New York and other eastern cities.

Frank Baxter is busy with a force of men surveying railroad lines down Elk river for the W. Va. P. & P. Co.

Mart Linn is busy with a large force of men laying track through George Hannah's farm for the W. Va. P. & P. Co. The Company will build a new camp on his farm as soon as the railroad is completed and will move camp 5 into the new one.

Herbert Bonner is a frequent visitor here.

Dr. Fowler arrived here a few days ago from Richmond, and will take Dr. Shell's place while he is away.

Married, October 6, 1915, in the Presbyterian church, Catskill, N. Y., by the Rev. C. G. Hazard, D. D., the bride's pastor, the Rev. Asa D. Watkins, of Spartanburg, S. C., to Miss Dorothea Day, daughter of Mr. Orrin and Mrs. Rosalie Sunderland Day.

A man named Taylor killed a cub bear on Cheat last week.

## A MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY

The Killing of Kenna Elliot by Norman Wilfong

Last Thursday on a lonely mountain path two farmers met and quarrelled and fought it out to the death, and one lies buried, and the other is in jail, the most repentant poor man who ever suffered remorse, whose dearest wish now that it had been himself who had been killed in the fight.

Wilfong is a man forty-nine years of age who has a wife and ten children living on a farm worth about \$3000 which he has acquired by a lifetime of hard work and saving.

Elliot was also a farmer, not quite so prosperous as Wilfong, with a wife and children, living some miles away.

Both of the men stood well in the community in which they lived.

On the day of the killing, Wilfong left his house to salt his sheep on Buffalo Mountain, in the Green bank country. He took his gun with him. He had not carried a gun for two years, but he says that the last time he salted his flock of sheep that a fox closely pursued by hounds ran in and out among the sheep, passing him so closely that he could have shot it, and this put it into his head to take a shot gun loaded with number 4 shot with him.

As he went up the mountain by a little-used path by a wire fence he met Kenna Elliot coming down the path on his way to a shoemaker's for some shoes that he was having repaired for his children. The men had not met for some time and in the meantime Wilfong had placed in the hands of a constable a claim of \$7 against Elliot, and Elliot stopped to talk about it.

The account that is given here is necessarily the statement that the prisoner makes, but the officers say that the marks on the ground bear him out in many important details.

Elliot said to Wilfong that he would pay that seven dollars when Wilfong paid for \$27 worth of sheep that his dog had killed. The men lost their temper and Wilfong says that Elliot tried to him that he would kill him just as he had killed his dog, and that they clinched and fought, and worked down the mountain over about fifty feet of steep mountain side. That at this point Elliot had him down but that he got loose and ran as hard as he could up the mountain in the direction that he was going when he met Elliot. Elliot's hat was found where Wilfong said that they were down, and Elliot's glove and Wilfong's mitten were found lying together at the point where Wilfong says they first clinched.

Wilfong says that as he ran up the hill that Elliot threw two sticks at him and he, Wilfong, grabbed his gun and turned to see what Elliot was doing. That Elliot threw a stone which was dodged, and Elliot came on and Wilfong retreated up the mountain, in all perhaps seventy five

feet. At this point, Wilfong says that he had become exhausted running up the steep mountain and turned and shot just as Elliot was in the act of throwing again. The shot took effect in Elliott's left shoulder and face, one shot being directly in the forehead between the eyes, and other shot back of the shoulder. The position of throwing is one that would admit of the placing of the shot. Elliot must have expired instantly. Wilfong seems to have broken the weapon, a single barrelled shotgun, but did not reload it. He dropped the gun near the body and ran to the nearest house and told them what he had done and asked that someone go to the body at once. He then phoned he was ready to surrender to the constable.

Within a few minutes Sheriff Cochran, Prosecuting Attorney Sharp, Squire Marshall and Dr. C. M. Young were on their way from the county seat to Buffalo Mountain. An inquest was arranged for and a jury composed of F. C. Sutton, Forest Gregg, M. F. Rader, Walker Ruckman, O. S. Woodell and W. M. Gregory was impanelled.

They went upon Buffalo Mountain and found the body where it had lain all day and been covered by a light snow that had fallen in the meantime.

They brought in a verdict that the deceased had come to his death by gunshot wounds inflicted by Norman Wilfong.

As far as the officers could tell there is no public feeling for or against the prisoner, and the disposition is to await the developments of a trial. The people of the neighborhood seemed stunned and shocked in silence. Both men bore good reputations for peace in the community in which they lived.

The trial will probably be at April Court.

A very quietly arranged society event came off at Inframonte Cottage, Thursday-December 9, 1915, 4 p. m., at which time Davis Mace and Miss Nelie Catherine Ryder were united in marriage by Rev. Wm. T. Price. By occupation Mr. Mace is a worthy young farmer. The bride, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ryder of Upper Elk, is an attractive young person and is much esteemed by her numerous attached friends. The blended lives of these pleasant interesting young people will be prosperous and full of happiness and mutual affection should the congratulations of all who wish them well be realized. After the ceremony the parties set out for the home of the bride, where a reception was awaiting. They braved the stormy tempest like blizzard and the blinding falling snow. Persons that will do this are of such pluck as need not dread anything their future may have to meet.

L. S. Cochran is having the Temporary Courthouse building elevated two feet and a concrete foundation put in. J. H. Meadows and W. H. Darnell are doing the work.

## HILLSBORO HIGH BRIEFS

We have dropped from 98 per cent to 96 per cent in our attendance for the past month. This is chiefly due to absences Friday Thanksgiving when our football team was away and several students were at home.

The last meeting of the literary societies were held in the afternoon instead of in the evening in consideration of the revival meetings which are being held at the Methodist church. The programs were both well rendered. The Browning Society met November 19, and the Shakespeare Society December 3. The next meeting of the Browning will take place December 17.

Basket ball practice has begun in earnest and there is good prospect for a fast team. About fifteen boys are out for practice. Our schedule is not completed as yet. We expect to play about fourteen games during the season. Our first game is with A. B. G. at Alderson, December 10. The girls are also practicing and will no doubt have some interesting games.

The botany class with the assistance of the entire school are working to beautify the school grounds. About seven dollars worth of tulips, hyacinths and narcissus bulbs have been planted. We expect to have a beautiful ground when spring opens.

Graded School, third month.

On the 26th of November the Hillsboro Graded school gave a Thanksgiving program which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The program was given by the smaller children and their work certainly speaks well for the interest and enthusiasm which they have in their school.

One of the most enjoyable school events of the year occurred when the eighth grade gave a reception in honor of the Freshmen class of H. H. S. A short snappy program consisting of stories, jokes, anecdotes, original poems, and games, was thoroughly enjoyed by the thirty pupils who were present. If any events could be picked out as being most enjoyable we would select the game of "Circumstances and Actions" in which Miss Anna Wallace and President Earl Beard of the 8th grade were the principal actors. Another number which was warmly received was the original poem read by Frances Clark, in which the peculiar characteristics of the eighth grade pupils were depicted. According to a vote of the boys, the best part of the program was the refreshments consisting of cocoa, cake, fruit and candy, which the girls served. As tokens sticks of candy tied with ribbons of navy blue and dark red were given to the visitors. The colors being their class colors in 1914-15.

The H. G. S. Christmas program will be under the direction of the H. G. S. Literary Society and will consist of a regular program devoted to the thought and sentiment of the season.

The Boys' Good Citizens League has been busy lately conducting several trials. In two cases the accused was found guilty and sentence passed. One case is now pending and one has been dismissed for lack of evidence. The boys are truly illustrating the fact that boys can and will practice self government if given the opportunity.

The second month of Thornwood school closed the last of November with a total enrollment of 150 pupils, from High school to beginners. Average attendance reached about 135; the home credit system introduced at the beginning of last month has proven a success and below we give names of ten pupils of each of the four rooms receiving the greatest number of credits for the month.

Upper room—Louis Stoner, Lock Arbogast, Ethel Phelan, Alice Stophel, Ossie Kiser, Edward Buchanan, Edna Robinson, Leone Thacker, Bessie Kixrode, Norman Stoner, Vergie Kiser.

Intermediate room—Katherine Lewis, Marion Lewis, Ouisa Buchanan, Beatrice Runion, Cleo Curry, Anna Lewis, Alta Kiser, Milo Curry, Nina Wright.

Primary room—Violet Walker, Lidia Kiser, George Thacker, Dallis Buchanan, Frances Mogel, Gerald Frantz, Ray Vansycle, Roy Moorehead, Jay Huggins, Elwood Ruby.

Beginners room—Edna Lee Smith, Helen Craven, Geraldine Walker, Leqa Propst, Meryle Ervine, Virginia Arbogast, Iona Lamb, Geraldine Meador, Alice VanSickle, Alta Blanche Braham.

Report of Beard school for 2nd month. Enrollment 24; percent of attendance boy 98; girls 97. Those being neither absent nor tardy, Ruth Moore, Kate Gabbert Luceille Smith, Otis Pritt, Nellie Pritt, Laura Pritt, Lena Hefner,

# ROYAL

# BAKING

# POWDER

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Lola Smith, Catherine Moore, Kyle Beard, Hubert and Clarence May, George Moore, and Echols Smith. Those being neither absent nor tardy not more than three times were Ethel Smith, Mabel Childers, Eula May, Bertha Dosman, Harper Beard, and Clarence Dorman.

**BUCKEYE**  
We are having first class winter weather now, snowing to beat the band and storming to beat the poor old cows and hard on the bachelors.  
Butchering turkeys and making fires is the order of the occupation here now.  
Clark Kellison killed one hog that net 355 pounds.  
Lacy Johnston was on the creek last Saturday driving over our good road.  
Householder was around Monday buying turkeys.  
George Kellison is enjoying the fire around the old homestead.  
Porter Kellison is out today gathering up turkeys.

Honor roll of Slaty Fork school for the second month is Eula, Beulah, Thelma, Ella and Clyde Galford, Ivan, Silas and Creola Sharp, Paul, Lexie and Mary Cruikshanks, Velma, Bessie, Matilda and Easter Hoover, Wilbur, Clifford and George Painter, Henry and Ruth Gibson, Thelma Collins, and Coyner, Showalter.

See "LOVE OF WOMAN," Lubin 3 reel feature at Amusu Saturday night.

## Marlinton General Hospital

Marlinton, W. Va.

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